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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE BLOOD ALL NATIONS OF MEN."

VOLUME XLIII. CHICAGO, AUGUST 24, 1899. NUMBER 26.

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SIXTH SESSION
TO BE HELD
IN
BOSTON,
OCTOBER,
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THE LIBERAL CONGRESS OF RELIGION

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CONTENTS.

EDITORIAL. PAGE
Notes 431
An Open Letter—In reply 432
CORRESPONDENCE—
"When I am Gone"—H. G. WHITE 433
Tower Hill Summer School 434
GOOD POETRY—
Desiderium—*Edmund Gosse* 434
THE PULPIT—
Jesus and the Background of the New Testament, VII—W. L. SHELDON 435
The Samaritan—*Edith V. Bredt* 439
THE STUDY TABLE—
Notes and Fragments Left by Walt Whitman—OSCAR LOVELL TRIGGS. 440
THE HOME—
Helps to High Living 441
On the Other Side 441
For the Summer that Is Ours 441
Wise Sacrifice—*James Buckham* 441
THE FIELD—
Japan 442
Hindu Triumph 442
Africa 442
Illinois Conference of Charities 442
Another Minister Heard From 442
Minneapolis 442
A Library Mission 442
Chicago 442
The Afro-American Conference 442
Books Received 442

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UNITY

VOLUME XLIII. THURSDAY, AUGUST 24, 1899. NUMBER 26.

That was a happy subject which Governor Roosevelt selected for his address before the Methodists at Ocean Grove—"Practical Politics and Decent Politics." His words may hasten the day when "decent politics" will be the only "practical politics." It has already come to pass that the more decency a man can pretend the more successful is he in plain, practical politics. The next step is to change pretension to practice.

UNITY presents its congratulations to Dr. Thomas, one of its associate editors, who last week took to himself as wife Miss Vandelia Varnum. Two who walked apart are now to know the strength and joy of walking together. Mrs. Thomas is in every way qualified to become yoke-fellow to the genial and popular pastor of the People's Church, Chicago, and to the gracious president of the Liberal Congress. Readers of UNITY will join with the citizens of Chicago in making room in their hearts for this new fireside. May the usefulness of both husband and wife be augmented by the union. We trust that our readers may become very familiar with the word and work of each.

Herbert Spencer in these days is adding to the dignity of great learning and the power expressed in a mighty work, the serenity of old age. He has passed his seventy-ninth year and the "Popular Science Monthly" for August contains an interesting article on "Herbert Spencer at Seventy-nine." He is still busy and is often seen with proofs in his hands. Music and the current news still hold his attention. He lives at Brighton and his house "looks out upon the sea." To the honor of our age be it said that it has reached the point when it can almost appreciate its great contemporaries, when a prophet is found "receiving honor in his own country." The age that can recognize the sanctity of things near and the divinity of men who are still alive cannot be called an irreligious age.

Illinois' governor has returned from a hunting trip in the West. According to his own statement, he evaded the Colorado game laws by shooting in a private park, where the laws do not hold, and the governor returns with a dead mountain lion, a deer, a lynx and a live, small black bear, which is to become a living monument of his prowess in the Lincoln Park collection of wild animals. The newspaper interviews couple the above information with some opinions of John W. Tanner concerning the Philippine war, etc., but in these last the public has but little interest. Whatever weight Governor Tanner may carry on questions of bear hunting, etc., his opinions concerning statecraft and the moral law are obviously unimportant.

This is one of the good stories which Mrs. Livermore has saved from her old sanitary commission days in Chicago. We commend it to the consideration of the suffering poor, who live on the avenue, the men and women who toss on their sumptuous beds with feverish anxiety lest they will go to the poorhouse, the men who at the exchange and in business watch anxiously their bank account and regret that they are too poor to help along the most deserving of causes:

"A little unkempt vender of matches, who one day appeared at the headquarters of the Chicago Sanitary Commission, saying, as he drew 55 cents in crumpled, dirty postal currency from his ragged pocket: 'Here, I'll give yer so much for them fellers in the hospital.' No, don't give it. You're a noble little fellow, but I'm afraid you can't afford so much.' 'You keep it,' was the reply. 'P'raps I ain't so poor as yer think. My father, he saws wood, and my mother, she takes in washin', and I sells matches, and p'haps we've got more money 'n yer think. Keep it, do!'"

The "Outlook" for August 12 devotes four columns to the disarming of David Starr Jordan's last volume on "Imperial Democracy." It deigns to admit to the volume vigor, ability, etc., but it also fails to report the objections to expansion or to answer them, because, forsooth, "most of them have heretofore been reported in our columns." It is easy work to discover apparent contradictions in a series of essays that were not written for one occasion or at one time, but it is not easy work for a paper that affects the gospel of Jesus to justify the long-armed killing in which the United States persists. The "Outlook" still succeeds in passing within the reasonable bounds of orthodoxy. William Lloyd Garrison, the son of the major prophet of the Emancipation, is beyond the pale, perhaps, of any so-called "Christian" church. But in his sonnet sequence, nine in number, entitled "The Nation's Shame," he seems to us to stand more closely to the Nazarene and to feel more palpably the throbbing heart of him who has been called by the centuries "The Prince of Peace." As witness, this Easter sonnet to "The Church Recreant:"

The Easter lilies in their robes of white,
  Once more the altars of the church adorn,
  To typify the resurrection morn
When from the tomb the Christ arose to light.
O Church! thyself entombed in darkest night,
  With hollow worship of the man-child born
  In Bethlehem's manger, cheerless and forlorn,
When shall thy resurrection greet the sight?
  Should the great Nazarene once more appear
This Easter morning and from pious lips
  Defense of rapine and of murder hear,—
Pleas for foul deeds that Freedom's light eclipse,—
  Straight would his burst of scorn false temples clear,
His words indignant scourge like scorpion whips!

The spirit of the Congress of Religion, whose interest UNITY seeks to advance, is marching on in a thousand ways that we cannot trace. We learn that preparations are well under way for a Rocky Mountain Con-

gress somewhere in Colorado at no remote date. The wise and careful preparation for a significant, we may almost say an authoritative, congress in the state of New York goes on apace. Bishop Fallows of Chicago, in connection with the committee that has in charge the Chicago anniversaries next fall, is planning a little parliament of religions made up of great men, which will doubtless draw large audiences. The churches of Bronx Borough, of the Greater New York, has organized a federation of churches and are holding open air services in the parks during the summer Sunday afternoons. And the preparations for the Boston congress, advertised on the front page of this paper, go on apace. We doubt not the program, when announced, will be of such a kind as to gratify the friends of the movement and justify the expectations for better things further on. Last week we printed the latest acknowledgments of the treasurer. The other friends that mean to help in this direction will notice the timeliness of the occasion. Help now will be help indeed.

We took pleasure in calling attention to the "National Social and Political Conference," held in Buffalo during the first days of July. It was called at the time by its friends "A Conference of Discontent," by its enemies "A Conference of Cranks." Necessarily the report of the same that appeared in the public press was distorted and imperfect, and for the first time we have been able to read a somewhat adequate report of the things said and done, as published in a special number of the "Direct Legislation Record," a monthly published in Newark, N. J. We have not room to epitomize the proceedings or at the present time even comment upon the same. We are content in urging our readers, whom we assume to be open-minded and interested in the discussion of the many-sided problems that make for progress, to send five cents to the above office for this pamphlet of thirty-two pages, or perhaps send for a hundred of them at three dollars and a half and pass them around. Such men as Mayor Jones of Toledo, N. C. Nelson of St. Louis, Edwin D. Mead and B. Fay Mills of Boston, John S. Crosby of New York and many others have at least the right to a respectful hearing, and such questions as militarism, the control of trusts, public ownership of natural privileges, academic freedom in the teaching and study of economic problems and the "Initiative and Referendum in Direct Legislation" are questions than will compel a hearing. It is not for this conference or perhaps any body of men, collectively or individually, to go far in the solution of these problems as yet, but they must be heard, and in the hearing and the discussion that springs therefrom will come the ultimate solution which we all expect and for which we all ought to work. And these questions cannot be discussed, much less settled, except on the basis of morals and in the spirit of religion. The conference at Buffalo was a religious conference. Let the religious papers and pulpits of the land give it publicity and aid it in its discussion.

If this conference had been held in the seventh century B. C., on the eastern shores of the Mediterranean, a goodly number of Jewish prophets, laterly known as the Bible makers, would have been there.

An Open Letter—In Reply.

"To the Publishers of UNITY: Herewith please find draft for one dollar for my subscription to UNITY to date. You may discontinue my subscription. I am a Unitarian, but I am also an American, and I am not in sympathy with UNITY'S attitude on the Filipino war. Were you compelled to associate with Mr. Aguinaldo and his followers for a few weeks, I doubt not but that you would come out a thorough American and change your views. Until then, erase my name. Yours truly, ———

"State of Washington, July 27, 1899.

"To the Editor of UNITY, Dear Brother: I am glad to assure you of my sympathy and co-operation. I fully agree with you in your anti-expansion views, as do all of my reading, thinking friends, but your socialistic position we think too advanced for present conditions. If supply and demand and competition are relics of barbarism, we will have to hold on to them until you show us something that will work better. Our office here is quite a loafing place for retired farmers. We discuss the articles in UNITY most thoroughly, and every way except this socialism you are pronounced good quality and full weight, but found wanting here. But this is a new question, and we may be of the old-fogy order and move slowly, if at all, and perhaps suspicious. Find inclosed draft for —— dollars to help along the Congress work. I will try hard to meet you in Boston. I am not doing much in getting members for the Congress, but the leaven is at work, and it is best not to force it. I will help you as I can, so be of good cheer and strong. God bless you.

"—— Illinois, August 4, 1899."

———"

We print both the above letters as typical of the many letters that come to the desks of the editors and publishers of UNITY, which just now are very close together, so that the one pair of eyes is apt to see both classes of letters, because we are too busy to give personal attention to all such letters as reach us and because they are typical letters, and what we would say to these individuals we would gladly say to all our readers; therefore we use our columns to make a public reply to these private notes.

First, to our friend in Washington and to those who sympathize with him, we can only say that we do not approach the Philippine problem from the standpoint of our personal likes or dislikes, not even from the standpoint of an "American," but as one who believes that we are called upon to be just even toward those whom we do not like and that he is a poor American and a doubtful patriot who regards his country's interests to the neglect of or in antagonism to the interests of humanity. We have opposed the Philippine war because we are opposed to war in all its forms and phases except in the dire extremity of defending the down-trodden and the wronged. We are opposed to that growth of militarism in and for the United States that seems to measure democracy by its strength of arm, as monarchy always has and always must. We deplore the assumption that the missionary power of the United States is to be preceded by the bayonet and accented by the bullet, and believe that the United States has a higher mission than that of following in the wake of the monarchical powers of Europe in trying to coerce the more lowly and unlettered races of the East into the still questionable civilization of the so-called western world by the horrible violence of war. The United States

should be a teacher of teachers. Its mission should be to ameliorate the aristocratic and monarchical elements found in the so-called powers of Europe, rather than to ape them. The United States should at least be able to vindicate its place among the nations of the world by the power of love, the force of intelligence, the supremacy of the ballot and the sanctity of the individual man. We oppose this war because we believe it demoralizes the government at home more than it can moralize the Philippine Islands. We deplore not so much the valuable lives sacrificed on battlefield and in hospital, though this is sad enough, as the more numerous lives debauched by the immoralities of camp and the gross influences and brutalizing logic incident to a war of conquest, branding those as rebels and traitors who stand by their homes, their land, their race, as opposed to an invading army alien to them in language, religion and race; removed from them by half the circumference of the globe, spiritually as physically.

We deplore the disposition to make party creed of the American flag and resent the disposition to identify an approval of a far-off war, precipitated by the mere accident of a naval engagement, with loyalty to one's country, making patriotism and partisanship co-extensive terms, assuming that appreciation of Washington and Lincoln carries with it an approval of the acts of all the lesser presidents, from Franklin Pierce to McKinley.

Lastly, we have opposed this war in the columns of UNITY because it is a paper devoted to the discussion of religious questions and we believe that this and all other questions of war are moral and spiritual questions before they are political or economic. Of the latter phases of the problem we may not be competent to speak, but of the former phases we must presume to speak or prove inadequate to our opportunity. Wrong we may be, and doubtless are in many of our statements, but honest are we in all of them, and the world awaits honest discussion of these high questions.

With the anxieties of our Illinois friend we also have great sympathy. We thank him for his cordiality and patience. Here again when it comes to economic adjustments and legislative enactments or any other application of the principles involved, we gladly confess our inadequacy, indeed, our correspondent has applied to us words which we never applied to ourselves. Just what he means by "socialistic position" we know not. We only know that UNITY has steadily declined either to be afraid of or to appropriate the term. We have always urged the indefinite connotation and hence the valueless quality of the term when applied to exact thinking. But here, as above, because we believe in religion and progress or in religious progress, we believe that we cannot keep our piety distinct from our humanity. Religion refuses to express itself adequately in theological terms. In opening our columns for the discussion of the human relations, the painful though high problems forced upon man by the scientific triumphs of the century, we are but lending ourselves to the discussion of religion as it presents itself on the picket line of progress. Indeed, we are trying to do haltingly and timidly for our day what the old prophets of Jewry heroically, aggressively, defiantly did in their day. Here again we humbly confess our fallibility. Our highest wisdom is doubtless foolishness, but woe to the religious teacher or paper that withholds even his foolishness if it represents earnest thought, honest expression and disinterested sympathies. We believe the religious press has a duty to perform in this direction, for if these hot questions are to be discussed anywhere in the cold light of reason, in the upper air of justice, with that impartiality where selfish interests and personal rivalry do not enter, it would seem that that place is to be found in the religious press and in the religious pulpit, where the thought of the eternal and the universal ought ever to be present.

In conclusion, we commend the patience and openness of the Illinois correspondent to the impatience of the Washington correspondent. UNITY may be valuable to those who find in it only their opinions reflected. UNITY is most valuable to those who differ from it but still dare read and consider. We regret to part company with our Washington reader, but if the tolerant and truth-seeking readers represented by the Illinois correspondent will but bear with us, making it possible for us to persist in seeking the truth we may not have discovered, we will hope to meet our Washington friend further on and at no distant day.

Correspondence.

"When I Am Gone."

Editors of UNITY:—When your editor-in-chief, Jenkin Lloyd Jones, was here in Buffalo I had the great pleasure of riding with him through a part of our beautiful city. Among other places we visited was Forest Lawn Cemetery, where he saw the monument erected by our Historical Society to Red Jacket, the orator chieftain of the Senecas, one of the six nations of the Iroquois. Red Jacket was no fighter, but a natural orator, and his people gave him the appellation of Sa-go-Ze-wet-ha—"He Keeps Them Awake." On the monument are these words of his: When I am gone and my warnings are no longer heeded, the craft and avarice of the white man will prevail. My heart fails me when I think of my people so soon to be scattered and forgotten."

Very true and very pathetic. When I came to Buffalo in 1836 the streets were full of Indians. They lived on the reservation adjoining the city on the east. Now scarcely one is to be seen except when the circus comes or on the Fourth of July. They have been scattered and are nearly forgotten. The reservation has become a part of the city, the Indians have been moved to the Cataragus Reservation, what few of them are left of the tribe.

Sometime since I read in your paper an article by Editor William Kent entitled "When I Am Gone," and I thought "Red Jacket's" words were quite as appropriate.

One of your oldest subscribers,

H. G. WHITE.

32 Irving place, Buffalo, N. Y.

Tower Hill Summer School.

The usual custom of retiring at the hour of nine was violently set at naught Friday evening, August 11 by sixteen of the residents of the Hill, who determined that for once they would see what the night had to reveal to them. With two teams—one of them a four-horse team—and the Hillside Home School stage, they started out in the afternoon about three o'clock for Dodgeville, the county seat of Iowa county, seventeen miles away. The occasion of the expedition was to chaperon Jenkin Lloyd Jones, who was to give his lecture, "The Cost of an Idea," before the teachers' institute, then in session.

Reaching Dodgeville in time for a picnic supper before the lecture, which was given to a large and appreciative audience, the expedition started on the return trip about ten o'clock, and after lunching by the roadside between the hours of twelve and one, the party reached the Hill about three o'clock Saturday morning, in excellent condition to enjoy the Saturday rest day.

Saturday evening an entertainment of a unique character was given, consisting of a series of tableaux representing the Old Testament Prophets, as conceived by Sargeant on the walls of the Boston Public Library building, and by Michael Angelo on the ceiling of the Sistine Chapel. The very successful entertainment was the work of Mrs. Frank L. Wright of Oak Park, Ill., and Miss Culver of Chicago.

Sunday, August 13, is a day long to be remembered on Tower Hill. Three services were held, and despite the unpromising weather enough people from the neighborhood came in to fill the pavilion.

The morning service consisted of a preliminary service of song and responsive readings, after which Rabbi Hecht of Milwaukee gave a most fitting sermon on the thought which issues in the deed. This was followed by some very appropriate remarks by Rev. Mary Collson of Cherokee, Iowa, Rev. Adolph Rosbach of Ida Grove, Iowa, and Jenkin Lloyd Jones.

In the afternoon Miss Helen Jones read a short history of the Tower Hill meetings, which grew out of a memorial service held once a year by the Jones family. After some appropriate remarks by Jenkin Lloyd Jones and the singing of the memorial hymn, our ever beloved Henry Simmons of Minneapolis was introduced, who inspired and enlightened us by one of his characteristically wholesome sermons. The sermon was followed by some good words by Rabbi Hecht.

In the evening the audience was delightfully entertained and instructed by Mr. Simmons, with a lecture on Professor Blackie, one of the unique characters of Edinborough University.

Nor was this all of Mr. Simmons, for we enjoyed the rare treat of a lecture on "Micromagus" Monday evening, and one on "Satan" Tuesday evening.

The study of Browning's religious poems engages the attention of the class in the forenoons, and if we see little groups of people standing around under the trees gesticulating wildly and excitedly we may be sure it is neither the Philippine question nor the fall of stocks that is bothering them, but some of Browning's subtleties.

The afternoon science lessons for the past week have consisted of a couple of most interesting studies of plant life by Prof. Schulz of the Spring Green High School, the "Story of a Bit of Clay," by Thomas R. Lloyd-Jones of the Hillside School, and a nature study by Miss Snively, one of the Chicago teachers.

E. M. S. HODGIN.

Little Johnny—"Mamma, let's play I am your mother and you are my little boy."

Mamma—"Very well, dear; how shall we play it?"

Little Johnny—"I'll tell you; you start to do something, and I'll tell you not to."—*Puck.*

Good Poetry.

Desiderium.

Sit there forever, dear, and lean
  In marble as in fleeting flesh,
Above the tall gray reeds that screen
  The river, when the breeze is fresh;
Forever let the morning light
Stream down that forehead, broad and white,
And round that cheek for my delight.

Already that flushed moment grows
  So dark, so distant; through the ranks
Of scented reed the river flows,
  Still murmuring to its willowy banks;
But we can never hope to share
Again that rapture, fond and rare,
Unless you turn immortal there.

There is no other way to hold
  These webs of mingled joy and pain;
Like gossamer their webs enfold
  The journeying heart without a strain,—
Then break, and pass in cloud or dew,
And while the ecstatic soul goes through,
Are withered in the parching blue.

Hold, Time, a little while thy glass,
  And Youth, fold up those peacock wings!
More rapture fills the years that pass
  Than any hope the future brings:
Some for to-morrow rashly pray,
And some desire to hold to-day,
But I am sick for yesterday.

Since yesterday the hills were blue,
  That shall be gray forevermore,
And the fair sunset was shot through
  With color never seen before!
Tyrannic Love smiled yesterday,
And lost the terrors of his sway,
But is a god again to-day.

Ah, who will give us back the past?
  Ah, woe, that youth should love to be
Like this swift Thames, that speeds so fast,
  And is so fain to find the sea,—
That leaves this maze of shadow and sleep,
These creeks down which blown blossoms creep,
For breakers of the homeless deep.

Then sit forever, dear, in stone,
  As when you turned with half a smile,
And I will haunt this islet lone,
  And with a dream my tears beguile;
And in my reverie forget
That stars and suns were made to set;
That love grows cold, or eyes are wet.

—*Edmund Gosse.*

The Samaritan.

If I should see
A brother languishing in sore distress,
And I should turn and leave him comfortless,
When I might be
A messenger of hope and happiness—
How could I ask to have what I denied
In my own hour of bitterness supplied?

If I might share
A brother's load along the dusty way,
And I should turn and walk alone that day,
How could I dare
When in the even watch I knelt to pray,
To ask for help to bear my pain and loss,
If I had heeded not my brother's cross?

If I might sing
A little song to cheer a fainting heart,
And I should seal my lips and sit apart,
When I might bring
A bit of sunshine for life's ache and smart—
How could I hope to have my grief relieved,
If I kept silent when my brother grieved?

And so I know
That day is lost wherein I fail to lend
A helping hand unto some wayward friend;
But if it show
A burden lightened by the cheer I sent,
Then do I hold the golden hours well spent,
And lay me down to sweet content.

—*Edith V. Bradt.*

The Pulpit.

The English Bible.

The Story of the Bible Told from the Standpoint of Modern Scholarship.

BY W. L. SHELDON, LECTURER, ETHICAL SOCIETY, ST. LOUIS, MISSOURI.

VII.

JESUS AND THE BACKGROUND OF THE NEW TESTAMENT.

Of all the pictures from the Old Masters giving us their ideals or conceptions of the face of Jesus, one of them always stands out to me before all others, as the one which is truest to the portraiture of Jesus in the New Testament. You have all seen photographs of this picture, and some of you have seen the original itself over in Europe. It is not among the list of those paintings giving us Jesus at the time of his sorrow and passion, in the hour of his trial or crucifixion. There is no agony in the face of which I am thinking. The lines are clear and serene. It is a face calm and undisturbed by any feelings save those of a universal kind. It gives us the core of the very being of the man.

The effect is produced in part by contrast. What we have is two faces. The one stands for the world—the outside, the physical, the animal in human nature, the lower self all by itself. And the other is the spiritual face—all soul, as if you saw the inside from the outside.

I am sure you know of what picture I am thinking. It is supposed to record the scene which is looked upon as one of the most surely historic in the whole Bible. The man of the animal type is looking into the eye of Jesus, while he holds a coin in his hand, and is asking the Master, "Shall we render tribute to Cæsar?" And Jesus, looking him in the eye, gives him the well-known answer.

Humanly speaking, Jesus was the last of the prophets, and was a lineal descendant of the prophecy of Israel. The revolution which took place occurred after his death and not before. The reason why there was a revolution rather than a steady, onward movement lay not so much in the teachings of Jesus himself, perhaps, as in the conditions of the age to which they were presented.

Why there came a revolution, a final split in Jerusalem after the death of Jesus, I shall try to explain in a few words, in what I shall have to say to-day, always leaving it for your choice to assume the additional explanation of theological or supernatural causes as being at work at the same time.

We said that the next great date in the history of the Bible was the year 4 B. C., connected with the birth of Jesus. Out of that event and that life grew up the last portion of the Bible, which we call the New Testament. The first part of this second portion of the Bible deals with the life and teachings of Jesus. You open your New Testament and you find four short books there, called "Gospels."

What you have in each case is a memoir. The accounts repeat each other, in many instances giving the same words, the same anecdotes. But in most cases there are additional features contained in one book and not found in the others. Not only that, but the sayings of Jesus vary more or less; slight changes in phraseology or additional clauses are to be found there. For instance, to give a slight illustration:

In the gospel "according to St. Luke," you find the words, "Blessed are ye poor, for yours is the kingdom of God." It is contained in a collection of sayings in the part of one chapter. You turn back to the gospel "according to St. Matthew," and you will find this same saying as one of the "beatitudes" in the Sermon on the Mount. But it reads, "Blessed are the poor *in spirit*, for theirs is the kingdom of heaven." Such minor variations are evident all the way through these memoirs, pointing, however, to an original group of sayings which undoubtedly came from the lips of Jesus.

Of these four "Gospels," as they are called, three of them are looked upon as very much alike in character, in giving the same general idea of Jesus; while the fourth, as you know, presents another picture—not necessarily contradictory to that of the other three, but far different in many ways. It would seem to present a phase of Jesus which was not in the minds of the other writers, or a phase in which they personally took less interest, and to which, therefore, they paid little or no attention. In the fourth "Gospel," for instance, there is a great deal of emphasis laid on his own personality in the language attributed to Jesus. There is a far more vivid consciousness assumed to be put forward by him with regard to the importance of his own leadership, and the necessity for his disciples of constantly thinking of him as the leader and taking him as a guide. In the other gospels, the guidance is more unconscious; whereas in the fourth gospel it is open and avowed. In the conception of this fourth writer the master is aware of his overwhelming superiority, spiritually and otherwise, even to his disciples, and feels the need of impressing the fact of this superiority upon them.

At this point I must remind you that I cannot give you quite the same general unanimity of opinion concerning the New Testament writings, which I might give you concerning the writings in the Old Testament. Feeling runs high when we come to deal with the last portions of the Bible, and the same scholars who may welcome all that I have said with reference to the Old Testament may, in certain instances, refuse to accept this method of dealing when we come to study the New Testament. Caution at this point is much greater. Yet even here you can see forming a certain growing consensus of opinion among those who take the historical attitude at all. And I shall keep to my assertion that every statement I make could find justification in writers from a number of the orthodox clergy, although they would be fewer in number than those who would accept the statements I have made concerning the Old Testament.

The two gospels, for instance, which had been most often attributed to disciples of Jesus, the first and the last, Matthew and John, are not now regarded as directly having been written by those disciples themselves. As for the Apostle Matthew, it is very largely asserted by the very best authorities that what he left as a writing was a collection of the sayings of Jesus. This standpoint is also justified by tradition, because from the earliest times we find reference to the well-known "Logia" or "sayings" of Matthew; and the supposition is that the writer of the first gospel made large use of these sayings, and hence his book came gradually to pass under the name of the Apostle Matthew. The second and third writers, Mark and Luke, are not supposed to have seen Jesus, but to have made collections of what they had heard from others.

In studying these memoirs what you would have is a sketch, and a sketch only—nowhere a finished picture. What you find would be usually mere lines, only here and there a touch of color, with certain portions scarcely developed at all, where there is not even a single line to help us, or give us a clue.

You know, for instance, that when a biography is written nowadays, the writer goes to work most carefully to study up the boyhood and youth and early manhood of the person whose life he has to tell. He sees what a vital importance there is in tracing up the early growth of mind and heart; observing the sur-

roundings, the family life, even the characteristics of the father and mother. A biography to-day would be almost worthless which did not give us a most careful picture of such surroundings. Without these details we should not look upon it as a biography at all. It would be only a memoir.

Now, as you are aware, we have in these sketches of the life of Jesus in the New Testament, only one short anecdote concerning him from the second year of his life down to the time when he was thirty years of age. And the one anecdote of which I speak, mentioning Jesus incidentally when he was twelve years old, is to be found in only one of these memoirs.

Bear in mind, for instance, that the one of these accounts looked upon as the oldest, the Gospel according to St. Mark, has not a word to say with regard even to the birth of Jesus. It begins its acccount with the Teacher just setting out on his mission, when we assume he was about thirty years of age. And this is also true of the fourth, and striking gospel, where you have the sketch only of the man, with not even any hint of his early life at all.

As you look over these memoirs you will see that the writers scarcely make a pretense of giving a consecutive account even of the public life of Jesus during the three years of his ministry. You can see most plainly that each one is simply putting down the various anecdotes which had come to him, or stories he had heard of, or precepts which had been reported to him as having been spoken by Jesus. You may run on for a number of pages with a certain degree of order; then the connection will break off entirely as the narrator starts in with some other phase he wishes to introduce, or some other teachings which he desires to record. Only of the last few days in the life of Jesus, or the last few weeks, have we any continuous account in any of these memoirs.

All four of the gospels together make up only about eighty-two pages of the Bible, and if you were to eliminate all repetitions you would practically have the whole of the sketch contained within about twenty-five or thirty pages—and this of the Founder of Christianity, the Leader of the greatest religious revolution which ever took place in the world's history.

Whether this is to be regretted is, at least, a debatable point. It has left room for the idealizing tendency of the human consciousness; and if a Providence planned the writing of the scriptures and the whole scheme of the Bible, I am not sure that such a Providence could have used a better method than that of leaving only a sketch, and having the picture filled out little by little through the responses which the heart of man himself has made to the hints or suggestions which the "lines" awaken.

Bear in mind, further, that a biography is never a true biography, that a picture is never a true picture in the sense of being complete. There is no use in ever expecting to have a complete picture or an absolutely accurate picture of any life, if that life has amounted to anything. I am doubtful whether it would have been of any service to human history, therefore, if there had been a far more complete picture given of this Last of the Prophets. It remained for the genius in the great heart of man to go on completing it from age to age. St. Augustine added something to it; Thomas a' Kempis put more into it. The men who designed the great cathedral-architecture of the old world, they put a great deal into it. And more came from Michael Angelo and Raphael, the old masters of Europe. Martin Luther added something to it, and so, also, have the scholars of the nineteenth century. And so the sketch has gone on and on, being more developed all the while, and those who choose to believe that Providence or a God is speaking there in that life, can still hold to the belief that it was the method of Providence that the sketch should be filled out in just this way.

I emphasize this point because it is so important. If a man were to come from the planet Mars and to study human speech here on earth, and were first to read the memoirs in the New Testament and then suddenly to step over eighteen centuries of time and look at the conceptions of Christianity at the close of the nineteenth century, it might be all utterly incomprehensible to him. He could say, and say truly, "But what you give me now, I do not find in these memoirs." The only answer to offer him would be, "Yes, but the memoirs are a sketch, and the human heart has been filling out the sketch during the succeeding ages."

It is not my purpose to go into the subject of the historic trustworthiness of the gospels. That is a side phase of my problem. We have the best of evidence that these memoirs developed somewhat gradually, like the historic records of the Old Testament. Only, the development in this case was much more rapid, so that while the historic documents of the Old Testament were five or six hundred years in taking their shape, we have pretty good reason for thinking that these memoirs were in existence within about a hundred or a hundred and twenty-five years after the death of Jesus. They did not stop growing even then. Additions must have crept into them with changes here and there, for four hundred years after. We are not sure, for instance, that we have the Pentateuch exactly as it was put forward by Ezra in the year 444 B. C. It went on growing or being changed for two or three hundred years, but not to a very large extent. So in these memoirs, additions must have been made, and we have the open acknowledgment of this fact in the last revisions of the English Bible, where you will find, for instance, one well-known and very striking story in the Gospel of John, which has been placed in brackets in the revised version. Why? Because it was not found in that famous text I told you about, discovered at Mount Sinai in the middle of the century; a text which is looked upon as having come from the time four or five hundred years after Christ. Hence even then, and from that time on, a tendency prevailed for incorporating new portions, or making slight interpolations in the text.

The same is true with regard to the earliest gospel of the four, that of "Mark." In your revised version, for instance, you will observe that the eleven verses at the end of that gospel are separated by a space from the rest, with the explanation in the margin, that these verses were not found in the two oldest Greek manuscripts, which includes the one manuscript I have just mentioned.

So it is, for instance, in the well-known Lord's Prayer. In your childhood, as well as mine, I suppose you were accustomed to reciting the close of it as you found it in the Sermon on the Mount in your English Bible, "For thine is the kingdom and the power and the glory forever." You turn to the "revised version" issued by the English church, and these words are not there at all, not even with brackets. The revisers simply had to leave them out.

Yet all these are not such radical changes; for the most part, as I say, these memoirs as we have them now had practically come into existence by about the middle of the second century of the Christian era.

The more one studies the gospels, or these memoirs, just by themselves, the more one is inclined to feel that what Jesus inaugurated was a spiritual movement or tendency, rather than any new philosophy or new metaphysics. You can feel a certain element of unity in these memoirs, even where you cannot write it down in language. The basis of a creed as such is not there. I am inclined to doubt, if we had had only these memoirs for the New Testament whether there

would have ever arisen any creed for Christianity.

You may ask: What do we find that is distinctively new in the teachings in these memoirs? I must answer: Not a great deal. This will appear strange, perhaps startling, to some of you. If there was practically little that was new in the teachings, how did there come about a revolution through the influence of Jesus?

Those who have studied the history of religion will be able to answer the question for themselves. New philosophical movements start from a certain number of new teachings in philosophy. But new religious movements spring more from the element of personality. It is the *man* who starts the religious movement. It comes from his whole soul and being, rather than from just his intellectual side.

As for the teachings themselves, in these memoirs, it would be possible to assign them quite largely to their respective sources. The famous golden rule had already been spoken by one of the Jews, by the name of Hillel; and it exists, as you know, in its negative form in the ancient teachings of the Chinese sage, Confucius. The pictures of the judgment day are largely drawn from previous apocalyptic sources in Jewish literature. And a good deal of the spirit of the new movement came straight from the old Hebrew precepts. Some of the teachings can be traced to sources in Greek literature.

Then what is left for Jesus himself? you may ask, even as you asked with regard to Moses. I answer once more: Go study religious history. If all the various elements are there out of which a new religious movement may be inaugurated, why does the movement not always come? The situation may be ready, yet the movement may not come at all. If every single thought uttered by Jesus could have been found in the teachings circulating in Palestine at the time of the Christian era, and if Jesus himself had not come, would there have been such a revolution as I speak of? Not by any manner of means!

No, there was the subtle influence of personality. You cannot explain this; you can only call it by name. Teachings of many kinds may be floating around indefinitely among a people; but they only become one teaching, one tendency or one spirit, when they fuse into a unit in one living soul.

Even if we only have a faint sketch of a man's life and thought in these memoirs or gospels, by the laws of history we should know that an extraordinary personality had been there. The mighty prophetic movement of the eighth, seventh and sixth centuries before the Christian era had not been an impersonal movement, an uprising of abstract thought surging through the masses of the people. No, it was the men whom we call the prophets, through whom that movement came. It developed out of a few individual souls.

This much we should know, therefore, by the laws of history, that a rare, unique personality lived at the time of the Christian era, through whom the thoughts and teachings afloat in Palestine at the time fused into a new religion.

It rests for me now in a few words, if I can, to describe this movement in relation to the conditions of the time. You will then be able to see why it was that a revolution came about through the new tendency inaugurated by Jesus, and why it was not just simply an advance movement within Judaism itself.

I have told you that when the exiles returned from Babylon they brought with them a definite religion, the religion of Judaism; and along with it a canon of scripture including the Ten Commandments, and made up chiefly of what we term "The Pentateuch." In the spirit of that religion they restored Jerusalem and founded the Jewish Church.

Now it must be borne in mind that a religion like Judaism has a number of phases. But as time goes on, all the phases of a religion do not remain in equal importance. Inevitably one or more of them outstrip the others and take supersedence in the hearts of the people, or in the attention of the teachers of the people.

Whether anyone could have foretold at that time just what phases of Judaism would have come into prominence a few centuries after, I very much doubt. You may anticipate the movements of the planets, but it is hard to anticipate what is going to take place in the spiritual life of a people. Now in the Judaism brought back after the exile, there was the spirit of the old prophecy, with its exalted conception of the true worship of Jehovah through conduct and life, through gentleness of spirit, through love and faithfulness to the duties of life, with a clinging to a certain one, only, supreme God as a "God of Israel." Then, again, there was a second phase which had been touched upon by the prophets, but not made so much of by them. It was the importance to be laid by the people upon their separateness or exclusiveness, as a race.

On the other hand was a third phase, according to which a form of ritual worship of Yahweh was to be established. The people might not worship their God by means of an image, but they were to show their devotion by carrying out certain forms, keeping certain laws, making offerings or sacrifices. In the Decalogue, as you are aware, there is only one of the ten commandments which has reference to that kind of worship. It is found in the fourth commandment with regard to keeping the Sabbath Day holy.

These were the three phases of the older Judaism. The sublime monotheism of the prophets with the ethical conception of what true worship of God consisted in; the standpoint of separateness or exclusiveness for the people of Israel; and in the third place a code of ritual, according to which the people were to worship God. Which af the phases was to become predominant? You know which one really triumphed. Had it been the phase inaugurated by the prophets, there would have been no special occasion for the appearance of Jesus. But bear in mind, as I have told you, that the first code of scripture in the year 444 B. C. did not even include the teachings of the prophets; it consisted mainly of the historic books with the ritualistic code of law. The first thing that the new leaders did was to set up the standpoint of exclusiveness.

They demanded that the people should put away even their wives, if their wives were not Hebrews. It was a severe test to be applied. Some of the people yielded; others refused; and it so happened that the leaders who refused went off and founded a separate kingdom, and hence came "Samaria." But by that step, the principle of exclusiveness became supreme in the Jewish Church. And I remind you again that, humanly speaking, if this principle had not been established, perhaps the ethical monotheism would have perished. Even the prophets had taught it and it was essential at that time. The trouble is that a measure once started and established, with a definite purpose in view, may become so fixed and rigid that when the purpose has been accomplished, you cannot change the measure. Now it so happened that the more established the ethical monotheism became and the less was the absolute need of a rigid exclusiveness; curiously enough, the more rigid or firm that spirit of exclusiveness became, and it was at its very height at the time of the Christian era.

In the second place we see how, little by little, the enthusiasm of the priests and people more and more centered around the ritual, the code of law, and less and less around the spirit of the old prophecy. If you want one single cue to the appearance of Jesus and the revolution brought about through his teachings, you

have it in this single fact of the triumph of Formalism, or Externalism, in the religious life of the Hebrew people.

What man could have foreseen that the fourth commandment in the Decalogue would have assumed more importance, perhaps, than all the other nine commandments taken together; that more emphasis would fall upon the careful observance of the Sabbath day than on the avoidance of stealing, or lying, or murder, or covetousness?

At the dawn of the Christian era prophecy was sadly in the background, and the priestly attitude overwhelmingly in the foreground. The chief purpose in reading the prophets at that time was in order to find indications of the coming Messiah. But the judgments, the awful ethical judgments of the prophets, appeared to have lost their significance.

Let me give you some illustrations of the emphasis on forms or formalism of the code of law at the time of Jesus. The commandment about keeping holy the Sabbath day would appear to be simple enough as we find it in the Decalogue. It said that people were not to work on that day. But this was not enough. It had to be told just what kind of work one might and might not do. There were, therefore, thirty-nine kinds of work which the rabbis had decided were forbidden on the seventh day. The amount of time and thought required in deciding just what one might or might not do on the Sabbath was almost enough to exhaust one's whole life. It was determined just how far one might walk on foot on the seventh day, according to distance of cubits. It was decided exactly what amount of cooking was to be allowed, or what sort of housework was permissible. "Bread might not be put into the oven in the twilight, nor cakes upon the coals, unless their surface could harden while it was still day." But how much was implied in the word "surface" was a question raised. And the answer comes, "If there is only time for the under surface to harden."

The caution even went further in forbidding the people to "read by lamplight on the Sabbath or to cleanse clothing from vermin." It was prescribed that on the Sabbath day "One might not climb a tree, ride upon a horse, clap with the hands or dance." A great deal of discussion evolved around the point as to whether it would be allowable to extinguish a light on the Sabbath day. The question arose as to whether a crippled man "could go out with his wooden leg;" one authority allows it, but another does not. As for extinguishing a light because one is afraid of robbers or the evil spirit, or for the sake of a sick person that he may sleep, that was permissible. If it were done, however, in order to save the oil, the lamp or the wick, then it was wicked.

Do not overlook the fact that all this was not regarded as new teaching. Oh, no, they found it all, somehow, in the teachings of Moses; they managed to get it out of the original "Law."

If there was extraordinary formalism with regard to keeping the Sabbath day, so also we find the same formalism, or externalism, with regard to prayer.

Of all forms of worship the one which is most distinctly spiritual is prayer. I wish I had the time to give you some notion of what the teachings on this subject had come to. One important phase of prayer was "grace" connected with food. It had to be determined just when the words should be said. There had to be different forms of prayer according to the kind of food which was eaten. There was one to be used for the fruit of trees, another for wine, another for fruits of the ground, for bread, for vegetables, for vinegar, for locusts, milk, cheese, eggs. If, for instance, one had eaten three kinds of food, figs, grapes and pomegranates, at the same meal he had to say three separate prayers; the one befitting the figs, the one for the grapes and the one for the pomegranates. The question came up "For how much food a prayer was requisite." If, for instance, you put a crumb of bread in your mouth was it necessary to say a prayer? On this point there was a good deal of dispute. One authority said food the size of an olive; another said food the size of an egg. Still another question was raised on this point: Suppose one had forgotten to say grace when eating, and happened to think of it afterward, up to what time should he then say the grace? And the answer came "Till the food is digested."

This is enough to give you an idea of what was going on in the sipirtual life of the people of Jerusalem at the time of the Christian era. Do not for a moment assume that it was all like this. We have accounts of many beautiful souls in those days, who had another spiritual life quite unlike that which was according to such formalism or externalism. But this was the kind which had the powerful hold on the people. The men who obeyed all these precepts were, as a rule, the men who were looked up to and revered by the average Hebrew citizen in Palestine at this time, especially in that part of Palestine centering around Jerusalem.

Now you know what all this means, plainly enough. The old Judaism of the exile had gone off on a tangent. The men who inaugurated those commands meant them for a purpose. If the flesh of swine was forbidden as food, it was because they assumed, and perhaps with reason at the time, that swine's flesh was an injury to the health. And inasmuch as in those days all laws, whether political, social or religious, were brought under one category, the command against eating swine's flesh was made not only a health law but a religious law. The trouble then is, that after a time, when the conditions in regard to health laws change, these same laws may keep their hold because they have received the sanction of religion. Their purpose has come to an end, but by having become a law of the church they receive a mystical significance. In the original sense, for instance, one served God by keeping one's body healthy, and one kept one's body healthy in part by not eating of the flesh of swine. Now let that middle phase or purpose be lost sight of or changed, and then you have it reading as if one served God directly by not eating the flesh of swine. When you have reached that condition, you will come to a stage which only revolution can alter.

So it was with the Sabbath day. Those who instituted it saw the reason for it. In the first place it was essential to the health of the body that there should be a day of rest. In the second place it was essential in order that the spiritual life should have some opportunity for culture. Therefore, in its original form, the commandment would have read this way: One serves God by cultivating one's spiritual life, and one cultivates one's spiritual life by setting apart one day and not working on that day. Now drop out the middle link and you have the condition of formalism: One serves God by not working on the Sabbath day.

That was not the purpose of the Sabbath day at all. But when, under certain circumstances, the middle link drops out in the minds of the people you have a complete change in the religious conceptions. The commandment which had been only a means, becomes now and end in itself. Not working on the Sabbath day, even if you do nothing to build up your spiritual life, becomes a mystical way of serving God.

But under any circumstances you know the conditions. In Palestine at the time of the Christian era there were three great sects. These sects had no existence at the time the Jewish Church was first established. The popular school of teachers in Jerusalem was the one which reveled in this formalism.

In this account I think I have given you the cue to the rise of Christianity. The coming of Jesus, in a

word, again humanly speaking, was simply a reappearance of the old prophetic spirit. It had been dormant for a long time in Israel. But a spirit like that, once inaugurated, may sleep, but it never dies. The birth of Christianity is to be attributed to the old antithesis between priest and prophet. And Jesus stood for the old prophetic spirit of Israel. In him again it was rather "Thus saith the Lord" than "thus said Moses." The cue to the movement inaugurated by Jesus lies in the revulsion which had to come against this formalism or externalism which had triumphed for a time in Palestine.

In the midst of this curious externalism and formalism, with the emphasis on hair-splitting distinctions about prayers, Sabbath-day keeping, fasting, cleanliness, the kinds of food one was to eat or avoid, as if that made the whole of religion—in the midst of all this, the new voice appeared and the new personality. And what was the attitude with which this formalism was met? Was it mainly by a series of ethical judgments such as the old prophets uttered? No, it was something else. The new spirit was rather one of what we should call humanitarianism. And it was a teaching which utterly baffled the rabbis of Jerusalem. Its purpose was to shift the religious interests of the people along other lines; not to overwhelm them with denunciations, but to console and comfort them with another ethical teaching. It was the indifference of Jesus to the formalism, rather than his attacks upon it, which brought down the wrath of the leaders of the people. He triumphed over it, not by denunciations like the old phophets, but by a certain spiritual aloofness from it. He cut the old formalism in two with one single statement, and threw the commandments back on their original purpose. It was when he said: "*The Sabbath was made for man and not man for the Sabbath.*" There was nothing new in this. It was through and through the spirit of the teachings of the old prophets. It was simply the prophet in antithesis to the priest.

But the rabbis could not see it. They were studying the prophetic writings not for their ethical import, but in order to discover forecasts of the future. Yet all over Palestine was to be heard this other attitude: "Render unto Cæsar the things which are Cæsar's, and unto God the things which are God's."

The dominant feature of the new teaching of Jesus was its strange, incomprehensible attitude of submissiveness. Amidst all that spirit of hate which reigned so much throughout Judea, hate among the sects or classes of the Hebrews themselves, common hate against the soldiers or legions of the Roman Empire, hate for the gentile or anything non-Jewish, came this strange teaching of "Love your enemies: Bless them that curse you: Bless and curse not. Consider the lilies of the field, how they grow; they toil not neither do they spin; yet Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these. The life is more than meat and the body than raiment."

We are back again to the old subjective religion, back to the prophetic idea of worship as something which comes out of the heart or through the life, rather than in obedience to a code of laws.

Explain Jesus I cannot, any more than I can explain the coming of the other great prophets. He belongs to the mysteries of which I speak, and which neither science nor philosophy can account for. Why the prophetic spirit should have revived at this time, why it should have appeared once more in Jesus, I must leave for you to decide for yourselves. As to whether Jesus ever personally himself asserted his Messiahship, it has been denied by one class of scholars and asserted by another class. And both classes of scholars have been men of distinction and trustworthiness. Between them I do not care to decide.

Had Jesus remained in Galilee, where he was born and grew up, he might never have been a martyr, but when he went to Jerusalem it was another matter. The calm indifference of the man to all that legalism or formalism which had been built up by the rabbis was like a blow in their faces. And at last it did come to open rupture. Once we find that Jesus did speak out, and the woes which he pronounced on the Pharisees will never be forgotten. In those woes there is absolutely nothing new. They are simply the reappearances of the old prophetic spirit. They could have been spoken by Amos or Hosea, Isaiah or Jeremiah. He is speaking of the Pharisees as he says:

"Yea, they bind heavy burdens and grievous to be borne, and lay them on men's shoulders; but they themselves will not move them with their finger. But all their works they do for to be seen of men!"

"Woe unto you, scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites! because ye shut the kingdom of heaven against men; for ye enter not in yourselves, neither suffer ye them that are entering to enter."

"Woe unto you, scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites! for ye tithe mint and anise and cummin, and have left undone the weightier matters of the law, judgment and mercy and faith. But these ye ought to have done, and not to have left the other undone. Ye blind guides, which strain out the gnat, and swallow the camel."

"Woe unto you, scribes and Pharisees, hypocritical! for ye cleanse the outside of the cup and of the platter, but within they are full from extortion and excess. Thou blind Pharisee, cleanse first the inside of the cup and the platter, that the outside thereof may become clean also."

"Woe unto you, scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites! for ye are like unto whited sepulchres, which outwardly appear beautiful, but inwardly are full of dead men's bones and of all uncleanness. Even so, ye also outwardly appear righteous unto men; but inwardly ye are full of hypocrisy and iniquity."

Had such a tone been taken long before this era, had it come in its full might two centuries previous, perhaps it would have given rise to a universalized Judaism rather than a new religion. But now it was too late; the lines had become rigid. This formalism or externalism had had 150 years in which to make its way.

Why all this should have led to the martyrdom of Jesus we shall never fully understand. The history here must remain in part unrecorded. When we come down to the plain matter-of-fact history, I think the evidence is pretty clear that the influence of Jesus was mainly on a few persons. And it was those few who founded and spread the new religion. It is doubtful, for instance, whether five years after the death of Jesus there were more than 2,000 or 3,000 out-and-out acknowledged followers of the new religion. But the spirit for it had begun and nothing could stop it. First came the man, then came the literature. After Jesus comes the New Testament.

A Song of Eighty Years.

In this gray old house that was new, dear heart,
  When you came as a bride to stay,
Your children's children will sing, dear heart,
  A hymn in your praise to-day.
And the walls that looked on your smiles and tears
Must hark to the song of your eighty years.

The song will begin with the time, dear heart,
  When your chaplet of roses gay
Was changed for a mother's crown, dear heart,
  With its bitter-sweet and bay.
With its bitter-sweet that now appears
A nimbus bright for your eighty years.

'Tis given to mothers to love, dear heart,
  'Tis given to mothers to weep,
But a light burns clear on their brows, dear heart,
  To shine o'er the troubled deep.
And shipwrecked souls from the depths send cheers
To swell the sound of the song of years.

And the song will end at the time, dear heart,
  When the angels of God arise
To lead your strong, white soul, dear heart,
  To its mansion in Paradise.
And our song of praise to your listening ears
Is lost in the hymn of a thousand years!

—*Boston Post.*

The Study Table.

"Notes and Fragments Left by Walt Whitman."

*A welcome addition to the Whitman literature is contributed by Dr. Richard Maurice Bucke, who has printed privately some of the fragmentary notes and memoranda left by Whitman to his literary executors. I suppose no poet left such an odd collection of "remains" as Whitman—ill assorted bundles of notes, pencil jottings on scraps of paper of every size and shape, and huge scrapbooks that contain items of information on every conceivable topic. The notion that Whitman was either a loafer or an illiterate is effectually dispelled by this publication. Whitman exhibited extraordinary literary industry throughout his life, carefully reading all the great writers and securing in an almost secret way an amount of general information not exceeded by any poet of the century. The volume contains first drafts and rejected lines and passages of "Leaves of Grass"—most of them antecedent to the 1855 edition—notes on the motive of the poems, memoranda from books and his own reflections, indicating the poet's reading and thought preparatory to writing the Leaves, many short notes, sentences, suggestive expressions, names and dates, some notes on the history of philosophy and on English History and a long list of 554 magazine articles preserved by Whitman and found among his papers. These many items, fully authentic, disclose certain features of the poet's spiritual genesis and mental evolution. Perhaps the most interesting notes are those wherein Whitman recorded his reflections on his own work:

"Make no quotations and no references to any other writers."

"It seems to me to avoid all poetical similies—to be faithful to the perfect likelihoods of nature—healthy, exact, simple, disclaiming ornaments."

"Poet! beware lest your poems are made in the spirit that comes from the study of pictures of things—and not from the spirit that comes from the contact with real things themselves."

"No, I do not choose to write a poem on a lady's sparrow, like Catullus—or on a parrot, like Ovid—nor love songs, like Anacreon—nor even . . . . like Homer—nor the siege of Jerusalem like Tasso—nor . . . . nor. . . . as Shakespeare. What have these themes to do in America? Or what are they to us except as beautiful studies, reminiscences? All these are good—they are what they are—I know they should not have been different—I do not say I will furnish anything better—but instead I will aim at high immortal works—American, the robust, large, manly character—the perfect woman—the illustriousness of sex, which I will celebrate."

"In these Leaves everything is literally photographed. Nothing is poetized, no divergence, not a step, not an inch, nothing for beauty's sake, no euphemism, no rhyme. That such a course gives offense to many good people—that it violates the established conventions of poetry is certain. But is there not something secretly precious to the soul in this awful adherence to the truth?"

"Take no illustrations whatever from the ancients or classics, nor the mythology, nor Egypt, Greece or Rome—nor from the royal and aristocratic institutions and forms of Europe. Make no mention or allusion to them whatever except as they relate to the new, present things—to our country—to American character or interests."

It appears that Whitman's reading was as wide as his reflection was deep. He read, studied and weighed all the great masters, seeking in them some guidance in his task of singing the Democratic Man, and all his notes display the very highest critical acumen. In 1859 he read Dante. His first impressions are here recorded: "The points of the 'Inferno' are hasting on, great vigor, a lean and muscular ruggedness; no superfluous flesh, and the fascination there always is in a well-told tragedy, no matter how painful or repulsive. Mark the simplicity of Dante, like the Bible's, different from the tangled and florid Shakespeare. Some of his idioms must, in Italian, cut like a knife. Mark his economy of words—perhaps no other writer equal to him. One simple trail of idea, epical, makes the poem—all else is completely ignored."

In 1856 he recorded his judgment of Goethe: "He is the most profound reviewer of life known. To him life, things, the mind, death, people, are all studies, dissections, exhibitions. These he enters upon with unequaled coolness and depth of penetration. He is the first great critic and the fountain of modern criticism. Yet Goethe will never be well beloved of his fellows. . . . Goethe's poems, competitive with the antique, are so because he has studied the antique. They appear to me as great as the antique in all respects except one. That is, the antique poems were growths—they were never studied from antiques. . . . There is one point of the Goethian philosophy, which, without appeal and forever, incapacitates it from suiting America and the forthcoming years. It is the cardinal Goethean doctrine, too, that the artist is to live in art or poetry apart from affairs, politics, facts, vulgar life, persons and things—seeking his high ideal."

Of Keats he notes: "Keats' poetry is ornamental, elaborated, rich in wrought imagery; it is imbued with the sentiment at second-hand of the gods and goddesses of twenty-five hundred years ago. Its feeling is the feeling of a gentlemanly person lately at college, accepting what was commanded him there, who moves and would only move in elegant society, reading classical books in libraries. Of life in the nineteenth century it has none any more than the statues have. It does not come home at all to the direct wants of the bodies and souls of the century."

In carrying out his scheme of self-education Whitman was always alert, inquisitive, insatiable. Like Bacon, he took all knowledge for his province. Dr. Bucke tells how one of the scrapbooks was made up: "He took a work on universal geography—divided it into pieces of some fifty pages each; between these pieces he distributed numerous extra maps, a large quantity of blank paper (about equal in quantity to that printed upon) and every dozen or so leaves a number of stub leaves—then had the whole bound into a thick volume, which was so made as to open freely. This volume he studied and kept continually adding to. To the stubs and on the blank leaves he pasted newspaper and magazine pieces—each one in its proper place—those relating to Italy, Greece, Asia Minor, etc., would be pasted in so as to fill out and complete the text. Then when he met a man who had traveled he got from him all he could, wrote out an abstract of it and placed that in its proper place in the book. In this way he constructed a volume which was a storehouse of information (geographical, ethnological, social, religious, industrial, etc.), dealing with all parts of the world and the inhabitants of each part."

Considering how little we know of the lives of most of our great writers, it is fortunate that we have so complete a knowledge of Whitman. Only a few copies of this edition of 225 remain, which may be secured by addressing the editor at London, Ontario, Canada.

O. L. TRIGGS.

University of Chicago.

*Notes and Fragments left by Walt Whitman and now edited by Dr. Richard Maurice Bucke. Privately printed.

The Home.

Our daily life should be sanctified by doing common things in a religious way.

Helps to High Living.

SUN.—Gratitude is constantly in the flow of spirits and the bloom of loveliness.
MON.—Kindness in ourselves is the honey that blunts the sting of unkindness in another.
TUES.—There is restlessness in inactivity; we must find occupation for kings.
WED.—The perfection of wisdom is to know where lies tranquillity of mind and how to attain it.
THURS.—Wisdom consists in following what conduces the most certainly to our lasting happiness and true glory.
FRI.—Nothing is consistent and unambiguous but virtue.
SAT.—Circumstances are things *round about;* we are in them, not *under* them.

—*Walter Savage Landor.*

On the Other Side.

A weaver standing at his loom one day,
Wrought with uncertain hand some strange design.
A tangled mesh it seemed, line blurring line,
Unsuited contrasts—warp and woof astray.
Sometimes he paused and pushed his work away.

"The task is hopeless," said he, and he sighed,
But patiently resumed; and one by one
The broken threads were mended.
When 'twas done
He turned the frame, and lo! upon that side

A radiant light his startled eyes did greet.
What seemed confusion had been hidden law,
And the designer's dream at last he saw
Resulting, lovely, perfect and complete.

Like that old weaver, troubled, faint with fears,
We weave the fabric which we call our life;
And our ignoring fingers through the years
Hold most incongruous threads—hard-knotted strife,

Broken ambition and entangled love,
Faint hope, contrasting with intense despair,
Dark hues of sorrow—all these are there.
But when the day shall dawn on heights above,

Some gracious light upon our work may shine,
Revealing clearly how the Master's hand
Guided harmonious each discordant strand,
And from the human fashioned the divine.

—*Unidentified.*

For the Summer That Is Ours.

A pathetic little story comes to us from a Chicago vacation school. It was planned to take the children into the country for a short outing, and the principal, wishing to know just what this glimpse of country life would mean to the little folks, wrote on the board a number of questions like the following: "Have you ever picked a flower? Have you ever climbed a tree? Have you ever seen Lake Michigan?"

After the slips containing the answers were handed in, one little girl was discovered to be in tears. When asked what was the matter, she explained that she had answered "no" to so many of the questions that she was afraid she had not "passed," and so could not go into the country.

If we could gather together our young people who live near large cities, we should like to put to them a few questions to be answered by yes or no. Have you ever sent flowers to the children who never had a chance to pick one? Have you ever done anything toward giving these unfortunate little ones a glimpse of green fields and waving trees, or a breath of pure country air? Have you ever in any way showed your interest in that most beautiful of modern charities, the Fresh Air Movement?

If the examination should end here we imagine that a good many of you would feel sure that you "had answered 'no' to so many of the questions that you had not passed." But let us carry the questions further. Do you not feel that you owe a duty to these little brothers and sisters who never have had the opportunity to enjoy the things which with you are every-day matters? Will you not try this summer to send them a little of the beauty which surrounds you? Will you not help to give one child at least a glimpse of the country, with its wonders and its joys? If to these questions you answer "yes," we are sure you will "pass"—pass into the deeper happiness which comes from wider helpfulness.—*Young People's Weekly.*

Wise Sacrifice.

"What do you intend to do when you are a man?" asked an eminent surgeon of a boy in whom he was interested.

"I want to be a surgeon, like you, sir," was the quick reply.

The surgeon took the boy's hand and spread it out beside his own. "You enjoy playing baseball," he said.

"Oh, yes!" cried the boy. "I enjoy it better than anything else. I play it almost all the time, when I am out of school."

"I thought so," said the surgeon. "Look at your hands. See how thick the fingers are getting. They feel hard and stiff, too. Before you know it they will be twisted and out of shape. A surgeon needs the most flexible hand in the world, as sensitive and delicate of touch as a woman's. If you keep on playing ball in the extravagant fashion you are doing now, until you are twenty-one, your hands will be spoiled for a surgeon. Now, I am going to put you a hard question: Would you be willing to give up baseball for the sake of being a better surgeon than you otherwise could be?"

The boy's face grew very sober for a minute. Then he looked up and cried, eagerly: "Yes, sir, I would! I would give up anything for the sake of my best."

The famous surgeon laid his hand approvingly on the boy's shoulder. "You will do," he said, with a smile. "Yours is the spirit that makes success sure. But you need not give up baseball—only extravagant indulgence in it."

Willingness to sacrifice the lower to the higher good is one of the surest tests of character. It is something we are all called upon to do. Every life is full of cross currents of opportunity. Nine times out of ten the question is not "Are both of these opportunities good?" but "Which is the better opportunity?" Each is almost sure to conflict with some other, and we are absolutely obliged to make a choice.

Wise, and happy, too, in the end, is the boy or girl who, while the opportunities of life are fresh and abundant, has the strength and courage to seize those which are best, and let those which conflict with the best go. The boy who said that he could sacrifice anything for his best, unconsciously framed a motto that might well be chosen by every boy and girl as a safe rule for noble living. We must all sacrifice something. If we choose inferior things, we have to give up what is better. This kind of sacrifice may cost us less in the beginning, but it will cost us infinitely more in the end.—*Young People's Weekly.*

Peace is better than joy. Joy is a very uneasy guest, and is always on tiptoe to depart.—*Selected.*

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The Field.

"The World is my Country; to do good is my Religion."

Japan.—An interesting private letter to a friend gives tidings of Mr. Hirai, one of the most beloved and eloquent delegates to the Parliament of Religions, from this land of the cherry blossom. After six years, Mr. Hirai has identified himself with the Unitarian mission, more or less distinctly. Some time during the month of August a mass meeting in the interest of liberal religion will be held at Kyoto, at which Mr. Hirai will be the leading speaker. Rev. Mr. MacCauley, with his staff of seven workers, will be there also. The present agitations in the East arouses unexpected opposition to American missions on the part of the intelligent of Japan, "but," writes this correspondent, "in the long run the religion of the West, in its rational form, is to take possession of the people of Japan."

Hindu Triumph.—Mr. P. R. Paranjpe, a Brahmin student, has secured the blue ribbon, representing highest scholarship, this year at the Cambridge mathematical examination.

Africa.—Bishop Tugwell of Lagos, West Africa, was recently brought to court under an antiquated English law for speaking ill of the dead. He had said that 75 per cent. of the deaths of Europeans on that coast was caused by excessive drinking, but the queen's advocate (to his credit, be it said), dismissed the case, and left the intelligent people wondering whether it was not true after all.

Illinois Conference of Charities.—The report of the third annual session, held at Kankakee last November, is just published by the state. It contains the opening address by the president, Jenkin Lloyd Jones, on "Who are the Children of the State?" and the proceedings and addresses, that continued through two days. Doubtless copies can be obtained by addressing the secretary, Mrs. H. F. Rainey of Carrollton, Ill.

Another Minister Heard From.—Rev. Henry Van Dyke, the widely-known Presbyterian minister, who recently has left the "Brick Church" of New York to accept the chair of literature at Princeton, in a recent sermon on "The American Flag" says:

"There is one thing that can happen to the American flag worse than to be hauled down. That is to have its meaning and its message changed.

"Hitherto it has meant freedom, and equality, and self-government, and battle only for the sake of peace. Pray God its message may never be altered.

"May the luster of its equal stars never be dimmed by the shadow of the crowned imperial eagle. May its stripes of pure red and white never be crossed by the yellow bar-sinister of warfare for conquest. May it never advance save to bring liberty and self-government to all beneath its folds. May it never retreat save from a place where its presence would mean disloyalty to the American idea. May it float untarnished, and unchanged, save by the blossoming of new stars in its celestial field of blue. May all seas learn to welcome it, and all lands to look to it as the emblem of the Great Republic; the mountain-peak of nations, lonely, if need be, till others have arisen to her lofty standard.

"God keep her from lowering her flag from that proud solitude of splendor to follow the fortunes of the conquering sword.

"God save the birthright of the one country on earth whose ideal is not to subjugate the world, but to enlighten it."

Minneapolis.—The "People's Paper" for July 27th is an anti-imperialist number and bristles with testimony from the great and good. It reports Major Daly of General Miles' staff at a recent medical banquet in Philadelphia, as saying: "As a soldier in two wars, I am opposed to the use of the soldier for anything but the defense of the honor and laws of his country. * * * Warfare in the Philippines has drifted away from the methods of civilization. The people of the nation have not authorized it."

A Library Mission.—From a little town away out in Southern Dakota comes to us a circular which announces to that prairie public that "a room has been set apart, above Dudley's store, for a small circulating library," and the further announcement that the only relation the room has with "Dudley's store is that a portion of the profits of the store go to the maintenance and extension of the library." A liberal use of the library is invited on the part of all who reside within its reach; and co-operation in increasing the library and extending its influence is solicited. Acknowledgment is made to the magazine dispensary department of All Souls Church, Chicago, for substantial contributions to this prairie library. Are there not others who would like to help strengthen this outpost of culture, or, better yet, help start similar reading centers elsewhere? If those who would like to try to do something in this direction were to write to Mrs. H. L. Meyers, Canastota, S. D., or to G. N. Westney, 567 Kenwood place, Chicago, they might be able to make some interesting suggestions. Why not try it?

Chicago.—Professor Zeublin of the University of Chicago discussed the "Ethics of Municipal Ownership" at All Souls Church last Sunday. He had something worth saying, and an appreciative audience to say it to, as is always the case when he preaches in All Souls. He exposed the wastefulness that seeks to secure public improvements by the contract system, and advocated municipal lodging houses as object-lessons for private builders, and to compel landlords by the law of competition to incorporate in their buildings the latest results of sanitary and domestic science. * * * Hon. James R. Mann, one of the Chicago representatives, is to ask Congress to make an appropriation for the beautifying and proper care of the Confederate mound in the Chicago cemetery wherein lie the bones of five thousand men who gave their lives nobly for an ignoble cause. Their heroism vindicated the men, their failure vindicated the right. We hope that Mr. Mann will be successful and prove that republics cannot only be just but also magnanimous.

The Afro-American Conference, recently held in Chicago, was one of great significance. The leading men and women of the race gave high attention to perplexing problems. All their words were justifiable, except those that were wasted in finding fault the one with the other. We regret any disposition to criticize the high work of Booker T. Washington as an educator, because, forsooth, it is not for him to enter the lists as a political agitator. It still remains true that the hope of the colored people lies in the spelling book and the ballot box, but the book and the box must not begin to quarrel. They must stand together, be respectful the one to the other. We join with the conference in continuous condemnation of the lynching outrages, and will continue to demand with them that the executive and legislative arms of the United States shall be continuously used for the suppression of the same. This conference telegraphed the sympathy of ten million negro Americans to Captain Dreyfus, in this, his hour of persecution.

Books Received.

Funk & Wagnall Company, New York and Boston: "John and His Friends." By Louis Albert Banks, D. D.

Connecticut New Church Association, New Haven, Conn.: "The Word and Its Inspiration." By Rev. E. D. Rendell. $1.

A. N. Marquis & Co., Chicago: "Who's Who in America?" Edited by John W. Leonard.

It is told by Brutus that when he fell on his sword after the battle of Philippi, he quoted a line of Euripides: "O Virtue! I have followed thee through life, and I find thee at last but a shade." I doubt not that the hero is slandered by this report. The heroic soul does not sell its justice and nobleness. It does not ask to dine nicely and to sleep warm. The essence of greatness is the perception that virtue is enough. Poverty is its ornament. It does not need plenty, and can very well abide its loss.—*Emerson.*

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Eminently practical for life's duties.—*Boston Transcript.*

Eight discourses, neither dusty nor dry. They have passed into other languages and have been widely copied in publications of various sects and no sect.—*World-Herald*, Omaha.

The magician's wand is put in our hands and if we will but consent to use it we shall see everywhere about us in that light that seemed so dark a little while ago, gems and treasures inestimabel which only wait to be ours by our use of them.—*The Countess of Aberdeen in Preface to the Glasgow Edition.*

In style as classic as was ever penned, and with an imagery the most unique and chaste, what Sam Jones says in the dialect of his section, "Quit you meanness."—*Frances E. Willard.*

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A Beautiful Birthday, Gift and Holiday Book.

The Publishers of the NEW UNITY have just issued a beautiful book, very suitable as a Birthday or Holiday present. The critics of the Chicago *Inter Ocean*, *Chronicle* and *The Cause*, who have seen the first copies from the press, thus describe it:

[Chicago Inter Ocean.]

"Flowers of Grasses"—Verses by Juniata Stafford. (Chicago: Alfred C. Clark & Co., Publishers. This charming little volume, daintily printed and bound in soft birchbark cover, brings to us the sweet breath of field and meadow. And the verses which it contains fitly add to the pleasant impression given by the outward form of the little book. They tell of nature and nature's beauties, of soft airs and rippling brooks, and they do more, for they show to us the lessons which the beautiful things of God's creation have for every one of us. In this, even more than in her smooth and rippling lines, do we read this writer's title clear to the name of true poet. For the heaven-conferred mission of the poet is to interpret nature and life for the help and Instruction of mankind, since most of us, our sight uncleared by heavenward glances, cannot read the divine message. As a specimen of Miss Stafford's graceful versification we quote two stanzas from her wreath of "Birthday Verses," one for each month in the year, a charming idea:

March.

All the brown twigs are stirring within;
Winter has surely gone past!
Wrappings of tree-buds are stretching quite thin—
Springtime is nearing at last!
Color and gladness are coming this way—
Listen, dear heart, while I sing!
Here is my gift for your beautiful day;
Love and the heralds of spring.

October.

Gentian, in this restful place,
In this quiet hour,
Speaking with a holy grace
Word of sky and flower,
I will bear you in my hand
As a birthday token;
Help my friend to understand
Love and peace have spoken.

A Book of Thoughtful Verses.

[Chicago Chronicle.]

"Flowers of Grasses" is the fanciful title given to a small collection of verses by Juniata Stafford, a lady of Chicago, pleasantly known in periodical literature. Some of the collection are occasional verses, and carry the stamp of such, but others are of more general nature, and in each of these there is always some germ of thought that is clearly, often very felicitously worked out. The "Song of the Weeds" enforces a wholesome and suggestive lesson of the usefulness often, perhaps always, subserved by even the humblest and apparently most useless things, and it is musically embodied in flowing verse.

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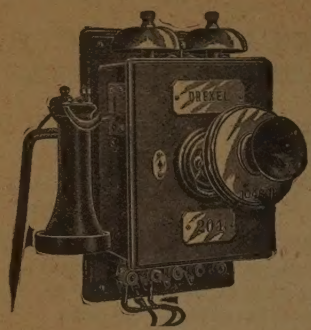

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